ISSUE 25 JAN 25 - FEB 7

Mother of 40

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Walrus

HELLO

HERE COMES THE SUN

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

LETTERS...

Dear Mother,

In a conversation with you--if three statements and three nervous laughs (two of the comments and one of the giggles, yours; the balance, mine) can be called a conversation--you said something like "Bricks are used for building churches." I giggled, thinking, "Oh, sh-t. Oh, dear, here comes some more of that love-generation bullsh-t." I decided I had news for you. I don't go to church.

Please don't quote me from hearsay out of context with your church construction. And take your hand off my wrist; I've had my pulse taken.

You were commenting on a statement that you had heard was made by me last spring. I had written at that time, when I was studying "Wilkes and Liberty; Adam Clayton Powell and Faith, Baby," my estimate of what would happen if Powell came to New York on Palm Sunday.

My thesis was that bricks would fly just as they had in St. George's Field in 1768. I was all for it. Still am for that matter.

But now it's Stokely Carmichael and H.Rap Brown I'm comparing with John Wilkes.

Peaceful revolutions come when forced, I've decided. Well, we haven't been forced enough. I can think of good, reasonable alternatives. Odious as quotas are to most of us,

one peaceful solution would be for U.Mass., Cal., No. Texas State, every public campus in the country, to admit enough Negro students to make up 10-15% of the student body. At all levels. If the students can't be found, the institutions must make the institutions ready to accept this quota by ultra-crash programs. The same thing goes for every business in every city and town in this country.

Endowment, huge corporate investments in the Negroes' future, federal, state, and local funds should be obtained immediately. How's about an equivalent amount to what is going for Viet Nam, Mom?

Since that looks unlikely, I'm Wilkes-Whiggish, which probably makes me a member of the oldest Left left on campus.

If my head gets broken, I hope I can accept it for past sins and sins of my fathers.

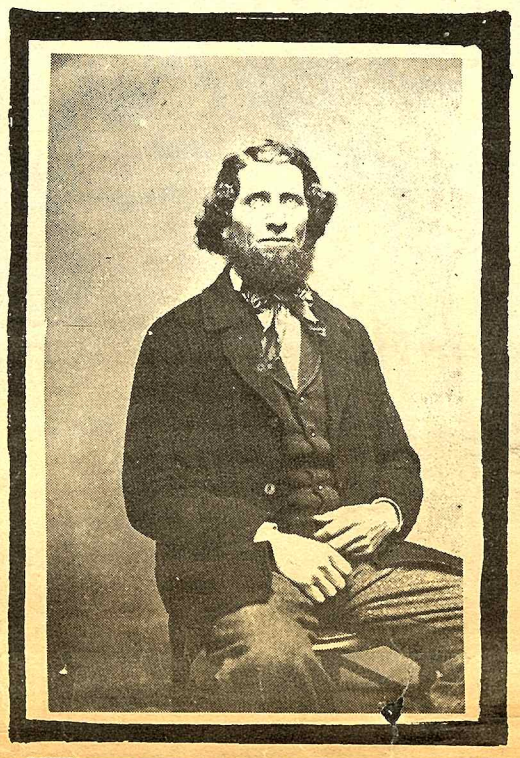
Since I rubbed against you this week, Mother dear, I feel I can speak freely. That doesn't mean I'm going to undergo any sudden sweetness-and-love mutation.

I don't subscribe to the philosophy that a middle-aged hippy friend of mine in San Francisco told me last summer. He was talking about his landlady. "I've got to love the old bitch."

I don't have to love anybody. Freely given, it's right; exacted, love is emotional blackmail. Let's do read the same versions of LEAR.

I love you according to my bond,

Dan Allen,
alias Clyde Cordelia Barrow Baby



•BARTON KAPLAN-EDITOR IN CHIEF•

Dear Mother,

The editorial by Augie in your last issue made me stop and think about what the real relationship is or should be between the world of love and that of politics. Let me first begin by saying that I personally sympathize with much that is printed in The Mother of Voices. I, too, believe that there is little real love in the world today, and that the "hippie" movement (whatever that may be) in the United States has a great deal of substance to it.

In his editorial, Augie draws a striking contrast between many of the evils in the political world and the beauty and love of which human beings can be capable. My blood also tends to boil when I read of the actions of Mayor Puchalski.

However, Augie makes a transition in his article from crying out against the evil manifestations of the political system to condemning that system itself. "But we're going to continue throwing up politics in your face, the dirty, cruel and deceiving politics of a puppet regime in a small town, a self-soul-destroying system in that city."

In the first place, one can neither ignore nor destroy the political system. There will always be one in some form or another; if there were not, or if it is pretended there is not, then we all might as well return to a "state of nature." And I think Augie would agree that conditions might not be completely lovely and beautiful.

In the second place, regardless of what is said, the political system in this country is one of the most open and liberal in the world. It is there for the people to use, and if sometimes it is not as open as it should be, then demonstrations and other forms of peaceful protest should be used. But just because some of the manifestations of the system are bad is no reason to condemn the system itself.

Paul J. Olenik

(The chicken or the egg?
-- Augie)

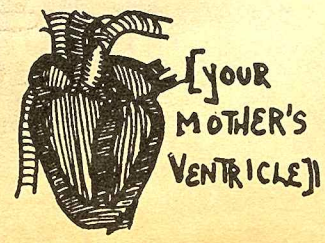
Hi,

I have read your 4th issue and was completely "for" your publishment of this paper. I decided since I know somewhat about you, it would be fair for you to know a little about me. I am almost 15 years old and from Easthampton. I occasionally visit Hamp on weekends. I will suggest your paper to my friends and hope that they begin to buy your next issues.

Luv always,

Ev.

& NOTICES



Sorry we had to censor. While we have court cases pending we cannot afford another bust.

NOTE: Those people with subscriptions who would find it convenient to pick up their issues each week in the UMass Student Union lobby may do so. OK?

A benefit to raise money to pay our large (and ever-increasing) legal fees is being planned for the near future. All types of assistance are needed--most immediately a large hall for a super-extravaganza.

Get an allowance from Mother -- sell papers in the street or in a dorm or in the comfort of your own home.

Last issue in the article on the Mind Gardens, Mother referred to Keen Hahn as the leader of the Magic Theatre. We have been informed that the band has no leader. Sorry! The band members are Jim Castine, Willie Challet, Keen Hahn, Jim Nagle, and Bernie Schranz.

Mother is a strange assortment of humans with varying skills and often opposing ideologies. Mother has a collective store of experiences and knowledge, which together are the ingredients of her writing. But only her energy is infinite: certainly, her insight or awareness isn't. There is a greater store of collective knowledge and skills which continues as a staggering potential. This reservoir is represented by the readers. There is much to be done, many articles to be written. You must help us do what individuals can do, not just consider and discuss: work and write. Mother needs your anger and discontent. Do not accept hedonism; do not do what the mind deceivers wish you to do. Resist: explode: conceptually, articulately. Produce the changes that now can be dreamt about. Work with us; become writers and activists.

THE MOTHER OF VOICES

MAIL: P.O. Box 305 — NORTHAMPTON
OFFICE: 110 Prospect St. Northampton
584-6526 (Springfield 732-2659)
MEMBERS: Underground Press Syndicate
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Once upon a time, two bands of men had an argument about the endurance of infantile trauma. They invented the game of football to resolve their intellectual discussion into a concrete example. They gave birth to a material reservoir for their aggression complexes--a pigskin, enclosed a pasture and drew lines to simulate what it is like to look out of a playpen, and consequently ended all conceptual discussion. In discovering the relish of stereotypical release, they created a now traditional syndrome wherever American people gather for entertainment or political action.

On December 14th, the Super-Infantilism Game was played, and an expected 75 million Americans experienced the vicarious pleasure of baby-spank. Integrated with this specific phenomenon was a cluster of peripheral syndromes: chauvinism, non-think, and pledge-allegiance-to-apartheid. Various vehicles conveyed the themes to the audience. This collection of media vehicles provided structure and relief for the unavoidable repetitive baby-spank, or offensive-defensive plays. The whole was quite poor, but very satisfying.

Themes of chauvinism commenced with the machinery of pre-game speeches. With euphemistic grandeur and trembling larynx, the announcer stated that the game was dedicated to the valiant men of the United States Air Force. The point of the ceremony was not that these Americans are performing invaluable services for their country, but that the only Americans who are Americans are those who are servicemen: "The only All-Americans are in Southeast Asia." To illustrate their brutal point a group of pilots were introduced. Their combined combat missions totaled 2899. These missions must have included standard civilian-kill-runs: response to them was no different than audience response to the total of points scored by a player in a sports season. While the traditional benediction before athletic events was being sung, camera shots of roaring jet planes were interspersed with bemedalled saluting Air Force Officers. One "spectator shot" occurred throughout the game: a Naval Reserve Officer.

Flags, Star Spangled Banner, and Heroes: emotional placebo, taped response, and idolatry: such were the pacific images which were juxtaposed with the very important images of uniforms.

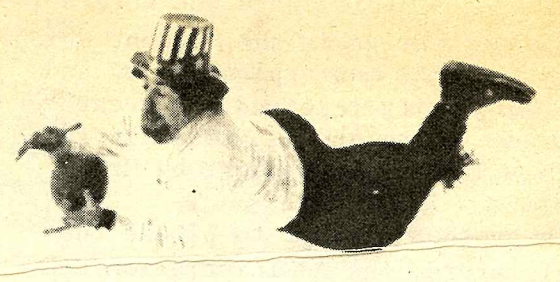
Now, children are held in awe by power. They learn the symbols which require awe by watching their parents respond to idols. Parents respond in peculiar ways to uniformed people. Children are assured of the power of uniformed figures because bellowing parents become docile before them. But, even uniformed figures cow before symbols such as crosses, gravestones and flags. One of the first things introduced by the original bands who invented football were uniforms, which are really disguises by which children pretend they are adults. The impersonation was completed by introducing into the game the symbols which pitch ministers, policemen and athletes in awe: Flags, Star Spangled Banner, and Heroes.

But I am not suggesting that sportsmen in America are only by association chauvinistic. The game of football is played for two things: money and release. The game of war is played for the same things.

We have done away with the spectator wars of the 19th century. They have been replaced by the sports-aggression phenomena of contemporary America. The spectators' gasps occur when a player is demolished--tackled roughly: when an offensive player is untouched, spectators do not gasp. In war, casualties create citizen gasping.

The spectator experiences masculine aggressiveness by identifying with the football player who experiences masculine aggressiveness through imitation of the soldier-killer. The soldier-killer is present symbolically in terms of action and uniform, autocratic leadership and conditioned obedience; he is present explicitly in terms of dedication ceremonies and spectator shots--and another device.

continued on page 4



Dear Mom,

You ruined my whole day. Reading about the horsesh-t in Northampton made me sick. The photo on the back cover (wherever it was from) didn't help much either.

Naturally, the first thing I said was, "That's unbelievable!" But that's all I ever say, and it doesn't do any good. This time I decided to do something.

I mulled over the whole situation ($2000.00) on my way to Northampton. I spent about twenty minutes in Wally's Spa browsing through the books and magazines, prominently displayed in the tiny store.

I can't understand it. Why does MOV bother Puchalski? Because it's obscene? Why is is obscene? Because it talks about sex and love? The Honorable Walter Puchalski has racks and racks of trash in his joint. Just plain-old-worthless trash. Pictures of girls ad nauseum: bending over, bending backwards, bending sideways, big boobs and big buttocks all over the place. What a way for a mayor to make a living! The "literature" isn't even worth mentioning. I was ashamed to see PB in the company of such sh-t.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that anything in Puchalski's spa (spa: a place where people go to improve their health) is obscene. I don't know what obscenity is. But Puchalski has no claim in getting upset over a few pages of MOV. MOV has no pictures of obliterated, bloody bodies, of girl wonders (God knows where they find them all). It contains no rubbish, no yellow press, no hateful literature. Mother is beautiful.

Fight the good fight, Bart. There must be a way of harassing the Honorable Puchalski. Perhaps we can get outside agencies to come in and poke into his store. We can't let him off easy. At last students are active where they should be--in the community. We can do something. Look how much trouble MOV has created in just a few months. Let's heave hell all over the place. Let's make the Mother of Voices, The Mother of Forces.

Shaun
UMass '70

Dear Mother,

One night, after reading Springfield's great(?) newspaper, I visited a friend who had a copy of "Mother"; he, of course, gave it to me and after reading it, I was inspired to such a degree that I wrote the enclosed poem. Needless to say, I would feel honored if "Mother" would give birth to a rising young poet by printing "The Masses."

THE MASSES
The Masses wanted all
to be like the Masses
said to me "be like
the Masses" said eye(I)
(seeing what the Masses
really are)
in reply, "I don't
like TheM asses"

Hopefully,
R. Skvarnavicius

A POLITICAL EDUCATION

Never before has the University of Massachusetts been threatened with as much political pressure as it is today. This guardian of knowledge is being bullied by the Massachusetts General Court.

The legislature is attempting to gain control of the educational process with a bill designed to channel all Federal funds into the State Treasury. From the Treasury, the University and its faculty will obtain its money. If this bill becomes law, there is strong possibility that the Federal Government will refuse any aid to the University, which will lead to its financial ruin.

Certain solons, such as Donahue and Harrington, are calling for probes into the University Administration. These investigations are claimed to be an examination of the plans for the proposed Medical School. It is funny that an Administration that had been hampered by funds and forced by "politics" into selecting a site which they themselves opposed and also was not recommended by impartial studies, is blamed for the current failure of the Medical School.

The precedents for these potentially disastrous actions have been established by the University itself in its many attempts to please the legislature.

The first of these, in recent years, led to the death of Yahoo, a student literary publication. Yahoo's cartoons satirizing religion and state government annoyed hypersensitive legislators. Instead of defending the student body and academic freedom, the University bowed to the solons' anger and presided over Yahoo's death.

The University in the "still of the night" removed art professor Charles Close's pictures from a corridor in the Student Union. The Administration felt that they might have been offensive to the legislators who were holding a convention in the Student Union. This time the masterplan failed and the University received bad treatment from the press and is presently faced with a libel suit brought by Mr. Close.

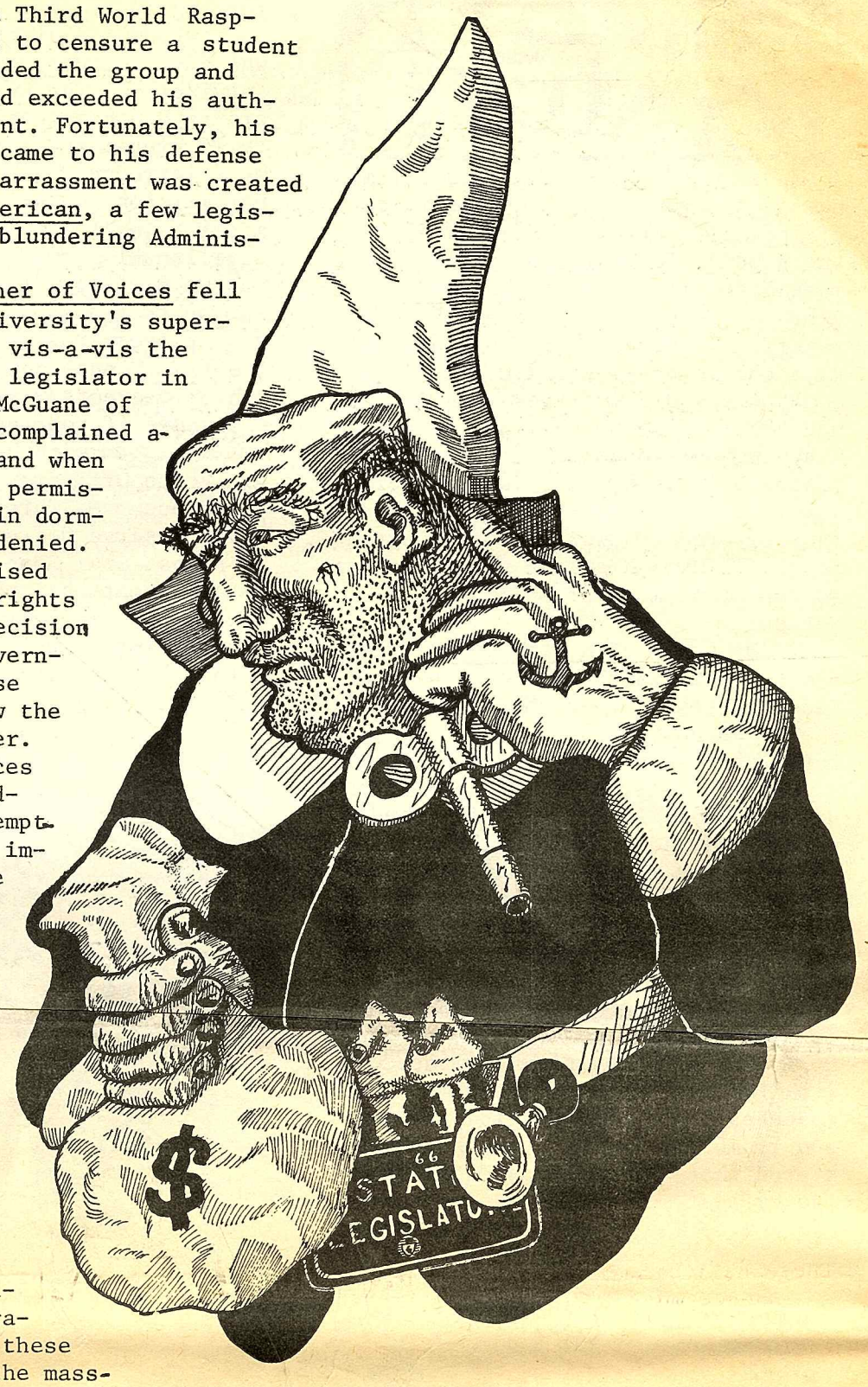
In another attempt to please the legislators, the Administration censored a sound and light show entiteled "After the Third World Raspberry" and tried to censure a student who had recommended the group and who therefore had exceeded his authority as a student. Fortunately, his fellow students came to his defense and the only embarrassment was created by the Record American, a few legislators, and the blundering Administration.

Even the Mother of Voices fell victim to the University's supercilious attitude vis-a-vis the legislature. One legislator in particular, Mr. McGuane of Greenfield, has complained about the paper, and when MOV tried to get permission to be sold in dormitories, it was denied. Dean Field exercised his dictatorial rights and vetoed the decision of the pseudo-governments of the house councils to allow the sale of the paper.

In all instances the University Administration attempted to follow the image they felt the legislature desired, instead of defending the student body and establishing a reputation for academic freedom. They tried to please but all their concessions could not appease the reactionary legislature.

Unless the University Administration responds to these attacks through the mass-media and attempts to create a positive image of the University as a haven for academic freedom, and only when the University defends the individual rights of the student body, will it be relieved of the threat of legislative control.

By severing this symbiotic relationship, the University will be able to function reasonably and freely in order to construct the atmosphere necessary to produce the intelligent leaders of the coming generations.



The University will succeed in nurturing a vibrant environment only if the State Legislature provides the needed funds, not the moral and procedural structure of the educational process. The legislator's search for truth ends with the shibboleths of the ballot box: the University's search involves a dynamic process which should recognize no taboos rooted in bigotry and ignorance.

-Ed Koslow

SPORTS ROUND-UP (CONT. from p.3)

All is bound together tightly by the god-flag-honor kick and the numerous network notices referring to U.S. War Bonds, the coming Johnson State of the Union Address, the two exciting war pictures--"Torpedo Run" and "633 Squadron"--to be aired the following week, Mission Impossible, employment recruitment at Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Plant, and the honorific language to describe the game--pride, honor, courage, stature, strength and winning. Can our enemies field such a team as the Packers--can they field such a team as the American military which is the real model for the Packers (proficient at basic honest plays)? Obviously, we're strong: so strong that we are right. Since we have a roundtable and knights like Arthur, we also possess the virtue, honesty and integrity of Arthur and his boys.

For the chauvinistic syndromes to be fulfilling, the syndrome of non-think is implied as the mental state of announcers, players and spectators. I don't think I am begging the YMCA argument for sound bodies if I suggest that in Dionysian cultures where there are sound bodies there are unsound minds. Consider, for example, the Apollonians of Sports, trackmen, particularly long-distance runners. There is an abnormal frequency among them of sound minds linked to sound bodies. However, track meets in America are financial failures; the phenominal control of the body which the runner exerts through his disciplined mind can not offer a spectator the masochistic-sadistic delights of baby -spank.

The last syndrome to be discussed is pledge-allegiance-to-apartheid. It is a process whose rules are in harmony with class consciousness and the aristocratic hierarchy of the chauvinistic uniform-vehicles. There are obviously many Negroes on the Oakland and Green Bay teams, although the frequency in the Packer organization has been low until the last few seasons. There are, however, no Negro owners, coaches, etc. The organizations which finance the playing of the game either imitate the race structure of professional football, or pro ball imitates the race structure of these organizations, particularly as they are reflected in advertisements where humans present products to consumptives.

There were in all 19 network advertisements of the wares of varied companies: American Airlines--for professional travelers; Schaeffer Beer; State Farm Mutual; Winston; Newport; Rheingold; Knickerbocker; Salem; Advanced Persona Razor Blades; and Ford, the better idea cars. Of the approximate 200 humans appearing in these ads, 15 were Negroes. There were no Orientals, Latin Americans, American Indians or old people. Of the 15 Negroes, 11 appeared in one advertisement: an Amoco service station in Washington, D.C. There was a white customer in the ad. In other Amoco ads there were no Negroes, certainly no Negro customers. It is curious that in this decade of social upheaval facilitated by the orderly process of law, that such a phenomen-

Humphrey in Africa

Vice President Humphrey recently visited a number of African Nations. The excuse for the visit was the sixth inauguration of President Tubman of Liberia, but along the way Humphrey also visited a number of other "moderate" African Nations. The purposes of the visit, as the New York Times reported, were two: the first was to get direct knowledge of the problems of the African Nations; and the second was to assure these nations of continued American interest in their development.

These explanations are, at best, superficial, for not only could he not get to know their problems in such a short time, that is, in ten days (besides, there are better channels, such as the C.I.A.), but to reassure the Africans of American interest in them was not necessary. For American interest in every part of the world is clear to everyone: it ranges from genocide in Viet Nam to complete control of other countries' resources in the Middle East. For a more meaningful analysis of the present visit, African development since the time these nations achieved independence must be understood.

Except for Ethiopia and Liberia, the countries that Vice President Humphrey visited were all subjugated by British colonialism and gained their independence within the past decade. Contrary to popular myth, the independence these countries achieved was in reality no more than superficial since, with political independence, economic independence did not follow. Moreover, political independence, in itself, was not won, but given. This may sound like a play on words but it is not: when the colonialists *gave* independence to these countries, it meant they handed political control to those groups whom they chose; while independence that was *won* meant that the colonialists were forced to hand over power to the insurgent groups. The first case is exemplified by countries such as Zambia and Nigeria, while in the latter case only a few are to be found, the most prominent being Algeria.

Since in most cases, the colonialists had the choice of to whom they were going to hand over power, they chose that group or class within the colonized society which would maintain the old political and economic ties under the new guise of independence. Often this class or group consisted of foreign educated and indoctrinated individuals who had internalized western values, thus reducing the necessity of overt political manipulation.

When these individuals did not exist in sufficient numbers or were powerless, the chiefs who had acquiesed willingly to the dominance of the western powers were chosen; or some mixture of the two was created. The official ideology of the western countries has labeled this comprador class as progressive, or dedicated, to the western style of democracy as embodied in parliaments and universal suffrage. That this freedom in reality means freedom for the dominant classes, whether it be in the formerly colonized nations or the western countries themselves, need not detain us here. What must be understood, however, is that this type of transfer of power was an economic necessity for the western countries. That is, the western countries felt the necessity for maintaining political influence and manipulation in these former countries for economic reasons.

Before independence the economies of these nations were totally geared towards the needs of the "mother country." This in its simplest form meant that the colonized countries supplied the industries of the western countries with raw materials and in turn received cheap manufactured products. Since the labor force was virtually a slave gang, it meant that the western countries received the raw materials as free goods. Together with other well known colonial policies, these relationships polarized the world into the two categories that we know today: On the one hand we have the richly developed western countries and on the other we have the poverty ridden, underdeveloped nations, now called the 'third world.' In the final analysis this means that the development of the western countries depended to a large extent on the above relationship, which at the same time meant underdevelopment for the other countries. Even with today's advanced technology this relationship is necessary, especially for the western European countries and even Japan of late. Also, on the other side of the coin, the vast markets which the underdeveloped nations offer for Americans and European industries should not be overlooked. From this economic necessity arises the need for control of the nations of the third world through the "comprador" class which itself benefits from such relationships.

Until the recent decline of Britain, (the devaluation of the pound being the most dramatic proof), the African nations that Vice-President Humphrey visited maintained this master-servant relationship with Britain. But with Britain declining and the western European economy being controlled increasingly by the giant American corporations, the U.S. is now stepping into the role of master and Humphrey's visit to Africa can be interpreted in this context. Two exceptions to this pattern, Ethiopia and Liberia, although without a colonial heritage, have submitted to American power more accurately, the ruling classes of these two countries have alaigned themselves with the ruling class in America. Thus in their cases the pattern of dominance has been imprinted in their respective societies from without.

Although we can expect to see increasing American dominance in the African countries in the next four decades, this dominance will also bring with it the seeds of its own destruction. The people of Africa are beginning to be aware of this vast international hoax and American penetration will only make it more clear. As North America increasingly dominates these countries we can at the same time expect liberation movements and the creation of "the other Viet-Nams" which Che hoped for.

-An African Student

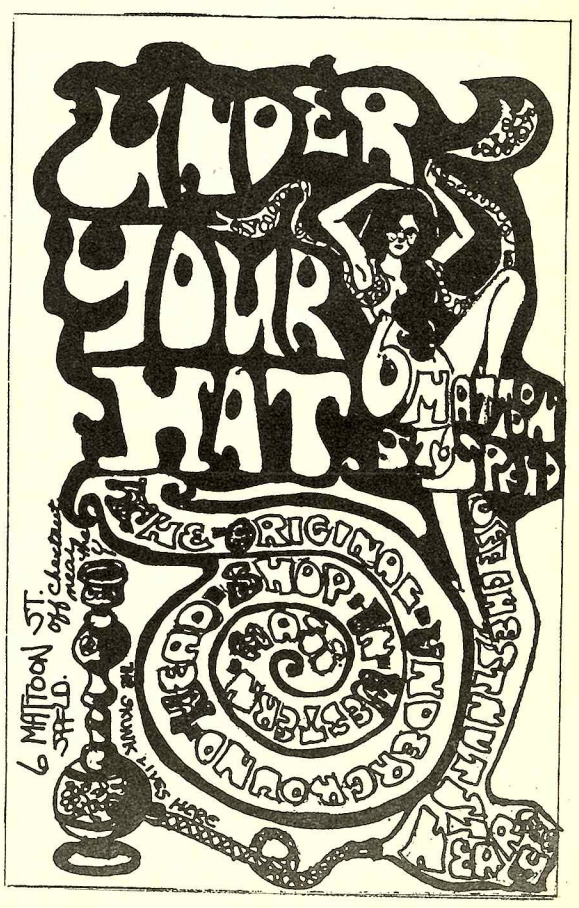
al social change--civil rights and consequent representation for Negroes--is so well reflected in corporate and entertainment overtures to the people. It might also be added here that all Air Force pilots in the pre-game ceremony were white. Also, in the half-time show, five floats were moved onto the field on which a dozen young appropriately dressed girls were displayed: none were Negroes.

The emotional needs of a frustrated passive people are reflected in their national sport. A masochistic citizenry demands a sadistic symbol of itself or at least of its warriors; with their invincibility grows the image of invincibility of America's irrelevant components: the white despiritualized man. Passion, action, struggle, or emotional immediacy is interpolated from conquest of enemy racial types--something like a Rape of the Sabines for testicles, not women.

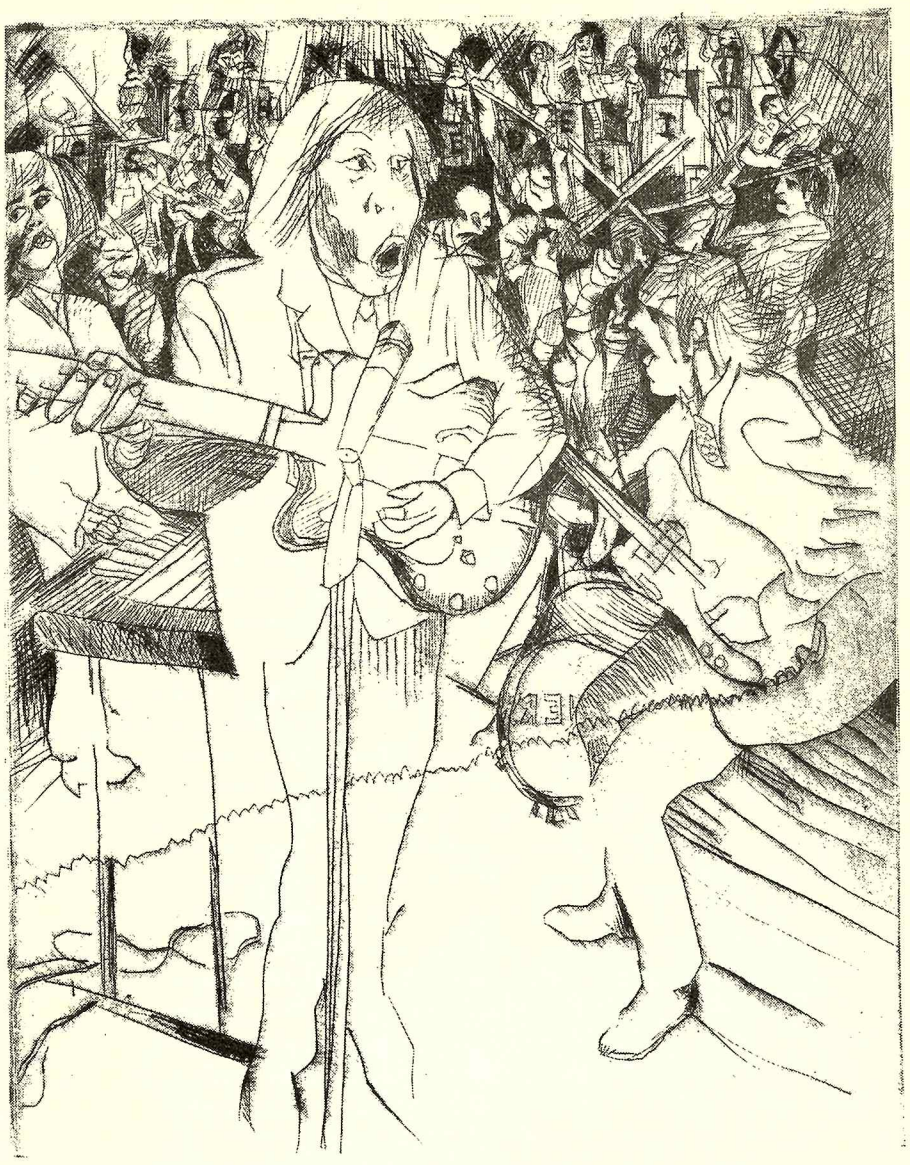
Over the centuries, a peculiar change has occurred in the bands of men who have learned to perpetuate the insecurity of birth trauma. Centuries of disorganized insight have been accompanied with a strange paralyzing pleasure: delight in vicarious pleasure and pain. To reverse this syndrome of Super-Infantilism, the immediacy of experience would have to be sold to consumers. Devices of vicarious pleasure, like racial prejudice, chauvinism, and electoral politics, would have to be replaced by racial intermarriage, recognition of the similarity between human beings, and individual political responsibility. Such a substitution would be followed by sound minds and peace, as well as the now mythical discussions of reality which originally had as their end the elimination of the Infantile Age--a subject at present popular only among minority groups, none of which play ball.

-Bart Kaplan

(Ed. Note: Mother suggests taht this article be read aloud in a voice imitating that of W.C. Fields)



BEATLES



Looking back on fourteen (or so) years of "pop" history, one can observe that pop music today is, naturally enough, much more varied, more complex than in its infancy. It was not an even growth; stagnation would end with the sudden influx of a new sound, which would then itself become stagnation. But in this frenzied medium characterized by rapid growth, instant success and even quicker death, one influence stands out; it has changed (and continues to change) the course of rock and roll -- to give it its now-meaningless generic name.

The field of contemporary pop music could never be called a musically exacting or highly technical area (despite assorted Claptons and Bloomfields). Classical music requires skilled and trained composers and performers; jazz demands of its performers the ultimate in tone and improvisation. Even the lush "marshmallow music" of 101 Strings requires a good knowledge of arranging and instrumentation.

But pop? All the above requirements are there in some measure, but they are not, in the final analysis, necessary; some real garbage has received gold records. The essence of pop music, then, lies elsewhere -- in its appeal to the listener, its Sound. Not coincidentally, the realm of blues can be similarly diagnosed. A quick look at the evolution of pop traces its lineage from its origin, blues, to rhythm and blues, to rock, to pop, which now encompasses an entire spectrum from Donovan to the Airplane, from Bobbie Gentry to Butterfield. There is no longer any pat formula for success in pop music. Ravi Shankar and the Cowsills stand an equal chance.

Where did the field open up to admit this diversity? Its evolution is plain enough; blues and r & b are easily definable. It is with the development of rock that the picture becomes cloudy; we are unable to describe a "rock and roll" song with any universal accuracy. There are too many styles to pinpoint. ("Pop" seems to be a label used to recognize and accommodate the wider variety that emerged during the rock years; pop emerged after rocking and/or rolling was no longer a prerequisite for enjoyment.)

The key to the present diversity in pop music is -- what else -- THE BEATLES. They really never should have made it. They were raw, untrained; they didn't look like anything anyone had ever seen before, and didn't know anything about music theory. Brian Epstein's packaging and selling of the group cannot be underestimated; he did a good job. Or perhaps they gave a voice to the "new morality" -- or were a form of post-war relief. You can supply your own theory.

Individually, their best musician is Paul McCartney. His work on the bass has sent lesser mortals scurrying to their instruments to coax melody out of them. Harrison is undoubtedly an excellent guitarist. It is significant to this analysis that he seldom lets his skill show; he is content to put in a solid, colorful, but strangely uncomplex line. (His work in "Hello Goodbye" consists primarily of scales.) In the same vein Lennon, a competent rhythm guitarist, never pushes, never elaborates on a line. And Ringo, whose technique is questionable, still manages to complement the group by the simplicity of his drumming; anything not essential to the feeling of the song is not there.

What emerges from this grammar-school simplicity is an incredibly well-structured and complex unit of sound, inevitably awe-inspiring and invariably beautiful. I am inclined to admit to the possibility of alchemy; failing that, I can only suggest that the fusion of these individual sounds, instrumentally and vocally, constitutes the greatest shot in the arm for popular music since "Rock around the Clock" knocked "Sh-Boom" off the air waves. The Beatles created the Group Sound on the level of a symphony. Their strong rhythm and melody patterns set up new standards for all that followed.

Incidental to this is the way in which Beatle songs have been transported to other musical realms. Jazz, which was dying a slow death, submitted happily to the Beatle influence. Initially, jazz musicians needed the song-writing team of Lennon-McCartney for new material; they ended by allowing their jealously-guarded field to succumb to some of the major influences of pop, thereby giving themselves a new lease on life. Beatle songs flexed easily into a mood music format, and even -- witness the Baroque Beatles Book -- into a classical mold. Perhaps the only people who cannot perform Beatle songs are other pop groups -- but they keep trying!

The Beatles created this flexibility simply by breaking -- in many instances-unconsciously -- the rules of the music game, which had stood only mildly modified after years of existence. Not knowing the rules, they created a whole new game. Other musicians -- who did know the rules -- had tried to get music to bend a little by rulebreaking, cf. Monk's "half-tone" piano and Coltrane's unheard-of saxophone exercises. They were to some extent successful, but no one tried to imitate them or infuse jazz with their sounds. Only the Beatles, in the right place at the right time, were able to knock the rigid musical stratification on its ear. They took rock away from its "high-school ring" mold and gave it instead an aura of humor, sexuality and meaning. They ignored the traditional chord patterns of tonic-subdominant-tonic-seventh-tonic, and replaced them with strange major-minor combinations. A lot of their harmony was done in fourths, which took them far away from Everly Brothers' thirds.

The Beatles' success at what they set out to do is unquestioned; their accomplishments are a matter of record. What is important here is what they unintentionally left in their wake: the incredible adaptability of pop music that confronts us today. The Beatles compelled -- and are still compelling -- pop music to accept offerings from strange quarters. A wide variety of rhythms, chords and harmonies is in evidence. Any instrument that creates the desired feeling may be used without censure (although only the Beatles seem to get away with using an accordion). The spectrum now includes plain rock, acid rock, folk rock, acid blues,* rhythm and blues, plain blues, blues that never left Africa, straight folk, vocal and instrumental jazz, commercial up-tempo (remember the Inkspots?), mood music, country and western (all types), and a dollop of classical. The influence of Eastern and electronic music -- strange bedfellows -- seems to be increasing; these two areas alone will probably have the most decisive roles in the future of pop music, although it's probably anybody's guess as to how they'll be implemented. But wherever pop music goes, and however it gets there, it is obvious that at the moment, the sky is the limit -- and the Beatles have made it so. . . octuple-handedly.

Mrs. Keen S. Hahn

*advertisement: an area at which the magic theatre excels: end advertisement

Dear Hegel,

Nothing is going my way. To begin with, six boys have shot me down. You see, I have been dating freshmen boys up here at UMass, and all they want is sex. They give you these ultimatums that either you have an affair or you just be friends, so I guess I've gained quite a few friends lately. I'm so sick of it all, so tired of being handed these propositions. I'm so upset mainly because there are boys up here who respect your moral principles and like you for what you are. However, I just haven't run into any. So all I get is pain and misery and FRIENDS. But you see, I like these kids or I wouldn't have gone out with them in the first place. I wanted them to like me too, but they only see SEX, SEX, SEX. They can't seem to get it through their warped minds that one can have a very satisfying relationship without sex being the main factor.

For example, one night we had a bull session on our floor of our dorm. The topic finally revolved around to sex and boys, and it usually does, and one girl said "We don't need sex because we'd much rather have fun enjoying each other's company. We don't care what people think of us if they saw us skipping down the street holding hands or something that ordinary people don't see as one of the beautiful things in life. You see, we are in love." Another girl agreed and said "John and I have a relationship where sex doesn't enter the picture. We slept out in the car one night when I didn't have curfew. It was all quite innocent, we just wanted to be together. We realize that there is a time and a place for sex and that is when we are old enough to answer to the consequences of an affair and be able to say that I did not have an affair for sex alone but that I deeply loved that person." Right now, having to go through four years of college, I'd say that most of the kids aren't ready for marriage and such. I also believe that one should not have sex without love or he is labeled, in my book a mentally depraved person or in plain terms, a filthy pig.

To get back to my plight, I have decided to remain friends with my many propositional friends and with my many friends who are afraid of me just for the reason that we might develop a more than liking affair and we might end up with an ultimatum affair. I suggest that many of my friends either grow up to face life as it really is and want me for what I am, a person, not a body to play one of their little games with, not a scientific experiment or a puppet on a string with which one can manipulate my behavior and actions. If they need help in raising themselves up what am I to do?

I really want to meet a boy who respects me for what I am, is not selfish and above all does not run away into the relapse of friends if I do not live up to his standards (SEX). If he can respect me for my morals and agree with them, then, perhaps, a beautiful relationship can result. I'm a puritan from way back and I believe in sex but only when one is going to use sex as the completion of love, which is the only thing sex should be used for anyway. I am really sincere about this letter and all I can say is I don't want to spend next Saturday night at home or the next big weekend not seeing any of the concerts. Pat, pat on the head there goes Susie, our little friend. Not another thought on me as I see all of my FRIENDS with other girls setting off for the concerts. WELL, WHAT DOES THE FRUSTRATED GIRL DO?

Susie Creamcheeze

SUSIE CREAMCHEEZE?

Dear Suzie,

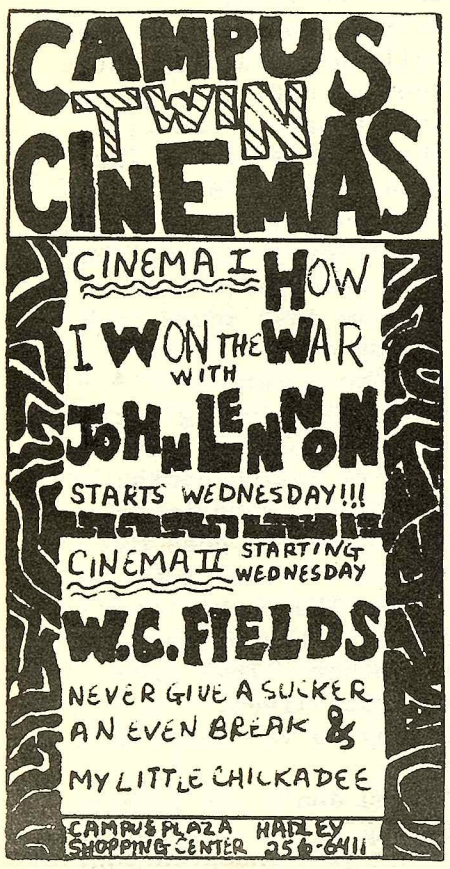
You're afflicted with a classical case of the Apollonian-Dionysiac mind-body disease. You separate your life into two mutually exclusive dimensions. In one dimension exists your body, and I infer from the number of propositions you mention that it's a damn good body. In another dimension exists your soul, or as you would call it, yourself as a "person." This is a false dichotomy. As Oscar Wilde said, "Those who see any difference between soul and body have neither." I'm not trying to put you down, Suzie, and I don't urge you to start sleeping with everyone. But Othcar did have a point.

You see, your would-be lovers want your bod to give you a chance at a "beautiful relationship." You want a beautiful relationship to give them a chance at your bod. You're both trying to lead each other around with carrots. Suzie, both of us agree that a beautiful relationship is worth more than just sex. But why is that so? Isn't it because a beautiful, meaningful relationship is more rare?

It takes time, and more than anything else, Love. But look, lots of poor bastards need sex. Some people would lie for it, die for it, kill for it. People toss and turn all night for it, they go into deep trances thinking about it, they Groan for hours for it (the usual groan is something like this: Uuhuuhuuuuuuuuu-OOOOOooooo--practice that if you desire to empathize, Suzie). Some people invent nightly bed-time rituals to symbolize its absence. Obviously, sex becomes important in the lives of these people. They're obsessed with the scarcity of sex. The result is that sex becomes valuable. The answer is simple. Flood the market with sex! Its value will immediately decline and people will wake up to how much more valuable a beautiful relationship is. If your "friends" got all the sex they needed, Suzie, then they wouldn't be so warped and depraved. You would be able to get a better idea of their "real" selves then. Sex is cheap, so don't hoard it, don't save it as a reward, give it away! Suzie, you've got a beautiful soul and a bod. Indulge both and they won't get in each other's way!

With sincere love,
Hegel Shapiro

P.S. Are you any relation to the Suzie Creamcheese immortalized by the Mothers of Invention? If so, please let me know. I've been dying to meet someone from that lineage.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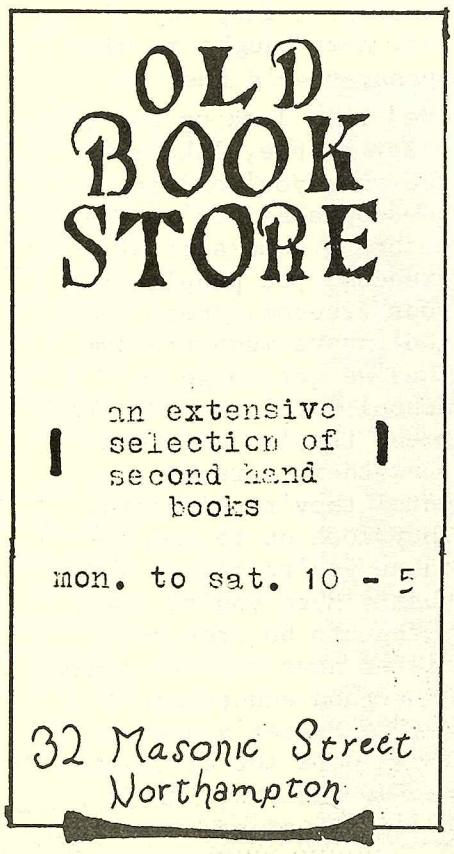

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AMHERST: THE YOUNG ON THE OLD

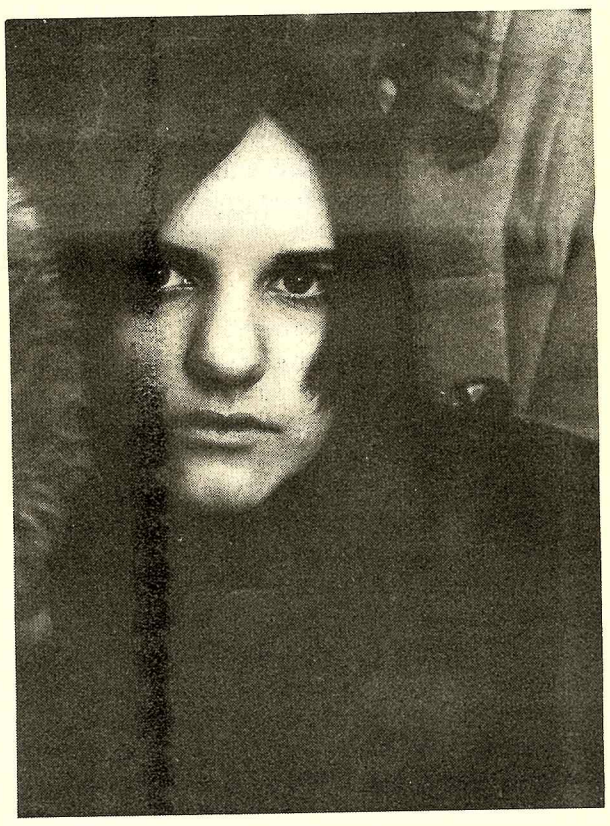
While a host of teachers, doctors, churchmen, politicians, mothers, and fathers scream moral outrage and disbelief at a movement which is slowly evolving into a truly honest and sensitive family, the young people of America are swept into forlorn confusion. Not knowing which side to choose many remain aloof. Others, following the lead of community elders, find hostility as a substitute for comprehension. But for those young people who have seen the lies exposed and have taken the "hippie" path, life is a struggle between an awakening wonderment and an imposed paranoia. In the high schools of America a polarization of imposing impact is underway. Thousands upon thousands of students are growing their hair long, wearing colorful beads, smoking pot, burning incense, and generally telling the old folks that they really don't know where it's at.

Many of these flower children are of high intelligence--others are not. But if one talks freely and openly with them one finds a degree of soulsearching honesty which is as remarkable as it is laudable. For most of them the shibboleths of the straight world are dead. They are questioning everything and they are looking for meaningful answers.

In the small towns of New England thousands of these local peripatetics are coming under increasing attack. The students, under the guidance of the enlightened educators, are being expelled for having long hair, expelled and arrested for possessing marijuana, and they are being subjected to invasions of privacy which, if carried out against "respectable people," would be viewed as outright oppression. Since the elders of these kids have had ample opportunity to express their ignorance in the Hampshire Gazettes and the PTA meetings of this country, The Mother of Voices felt that an opportunity was needed for the other generation's expression.

Below will be found the statements of two of Amherst's searching generation. The first is an interview with a 19 year-old Amherst High School drop-out. The second is a testament by Elizabeth, a 17 year-old Amherst High School junior. It is hoped that both will provide an insight into a life few of the over-thirty-set can appreciate.

Fredric Dicker



Q- Tell me about yourself.
A- Dropped out of High School at 17 to go into army.
Q- Why did you want to go into the army?
A- Because I didn't like school, I,let's just say, I didn't like authority.
Q- Do you get along well with your parents?
A- Yes--but kids are people, you dig. Parents don't realize this. They say don't do such and such, don't try to cross me, you know. So what are you going to do? It's only natural that five minutes later the kids are going to be there.
Q- What do you think of school? Do you think it's a good thing to know what's happening?
A- The way I look at it, through experience I found you can't get ahead without an education. Right now nobody seems to want to get one very much. A lot of people go to college to dodge the draft, right? Now--you think they're really going to try in college--they're just going to get by by the skin of their teeth. Now I don't think this is unpatriotic--they know what they're doing. I think that the younger generation that's coming up today is far more intelligent than any generation before. They're better informed on what's going on, informed on what's in and what's out. These kids, right now, in Amherst are going through a stage of rebellion. They don't look up to their parents exactly. Most of them hold their parents in contempt. They say if they ever caught me with grass, they'd bust me. Then they look up and see older people, like you, and what you're doing is good because you're trying to bring some sort of freedom; you people like your freedom, these kids don't have much freedom. They've got to go to school until they're sixteen, they've got to do what their parents say until they're eighteen. They look up to you because you're older, and what's more you're free.
Q- But to be free you either have to have money or a good education. I have a Master's degree; I can do a lot of things. Do you and your friend realize what you have to do to be free?
A- See, some people would call them plastic, but they're not. They go into this hippie scene with their whole heart. The popular myth is that the hippies are dirty, right? That they're dirty, that they have pubic lice--this is just scare talk.
Q- Why do you think they're so afraid?
A- They're losing their children. They feel they're losing contact with them. Here in Amherst the kid goes one way, the father goes the other. The father goes one way, the mother goes the other. They live separate lives.
Q- Why do you think this is?
A- You don't see fathers taking their kids out to

continued on page 14

on ELIZABETH

Well I'm sittin here wonderin what to put down first. Looks like I got about four lives all different an most of them pretty screwy. For one I'm my father's little girl an he's always confusin me with my mother an aunt an grandma an sometimes he's pretty hard to live with. We two live alone since my ma died last December which is really more than a year ago--seems like a couple a ages at least. Dad is very lonely an mixed up an sad still. He yells at me a lot an goes through my things an paper an junk, an yells at me an pulls his authority bit a lot an day to day it's kind a tense. But I'm not hatin him because I know how uptight an miserable he must feel. Deep down I love him a lot but I sure don't like him much. Sometimes I get to thinkin that I'll just take off, but it would be pretty stupid really and only make things worse for us both. I'm lookin forward to livin in Cambridge for a while an bein a student of books an people on my own; just bein away from my house which isn't very homey --which is nobody's fault but no fun just the same.

For another I'm a student here at the high school but right now I'm sorta takin up space. I like it here well enough. I wish things could go a bit faster. It can get pretty boring a lot of the time. But there are more really good people here than most a

the kids realize--some a the teachers here are fine, fine people once you reach beyond the teacher-student wall. There's so much pressure at home that I'm not just killin myself for good marks in the few subjects that aren't important to me. Mostly when i should be workin on math it ends up a poem for only me and my friends or a letter to someone I love who is far away an not comin back.

For another, I'm in with all different kinds a people I like an love an respect. Made some true friends this summer doin social work with Boston slum kids. I love them alot an also some other workers I lived with. I'm sure of one thing: I'm gonna do some kinda social work eventually--not condescending, paternalizing "I'm being good enough to help you" crap, but real contact with probably the younger kids. Maybe this summer I'll be tutorin kids in Headstart. I know somethin about an <u>care</u> about these people who are bein forced into starting the second civil war. Got to thinkin: most a the really smart kids this summer hated school because they never got the basics down --so they'll drop out an not have whatever small chance this society gives them in the first place. So I sat down an started to write short, easy-vocabulary, city-set stories the young ones can read an understand a bit more than the white middle-class trip to Gramma's house stuff. You gotta be able to understand an identify with the stories in the first place before you can learn to read. I don't know if my stuff is any good; if it isn't, then we can both laugh at them an maybe bridge the gap of pupil-teacher some. Gibran says work is love made visible; this looks like the most lovin an most needed thing I can do.

For another I'm a head person. Ideas an people are more important to me than things. I like to read. Mostly now it's about utopias: Thoreau's WALDEN, Skinner's WALDEN TWO, Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD, some Hindu stuff, Hesse's SIDDHARTHA, HARRAD the last book in Tolkien's TRILOGY, an Tennyson's IDYLLS OF THE KING. I like the idylls an Tolkien because it's like medieval tapestry. I like medieval things in general an the Egyptian section of the museum is where I end up happiest. Anyway, when I read it's all in a rush, an then I write: poems an stories an songs an letters. I sing my rather mediocre songs with my guitar or play them on the recorder. Then I give up an play records--all kinds; sad Bach, precise chamber music, light jazz, folk, English pop, an San Francisco electronic stuff, too.

I like life pretty generally. My kind a people tend to be gentle an thinkin an creative an they kinda flow with things an don't worry. I don't hate anybody an try to see the other side to mine. An usually it works the other way around, too. I like old trees, an autumn, an curry powder, an cold wind, an warm radiators, an dreams an laughter an lonliness an friendship an taking trips an coming back after. An I like to jump an run an walk around an play with balloons an sit an watch on. I like to stand up for what I'm thinkin an sit down for what I'm thinkin an find out what other people are thinkin an sit back in a corner all alone with a friend an wonder what to think of it all.

That is what it all looks like from here.

The further you get from science, the further you get from truth. Webster's Third International upholds science as "the paradigm of true knowledge." In light of this, it has always puzzled me that hobos, rejects, dropouts, crackpots and busybodies change the world more often and more profoundly than professional scientists. Always, it seems, the Great Achievers stand outside the institutions, scarring their knuckles against the schoolroom door, but shunned, sneered at and feared by those inside. Thoreau, Marx, Freud. Charles Sanders Pierce, father of pragmatism, a man scorned by the academy his ideas eventually dominated.

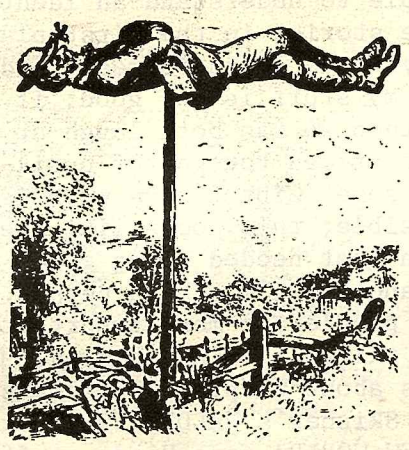
The battle of life, says Lippmann, takes place between the "adjusted" and the "unadjusted." New ideas are the psychoses of the disciplines. Old ideas are comfortable, like cliches, useful for all occasions and unobtrusive. Mentally sound. Like institutions themselves, ideas become sacred, with aura, myth, ritual and sacred texts springing up around them to consecrate sham.

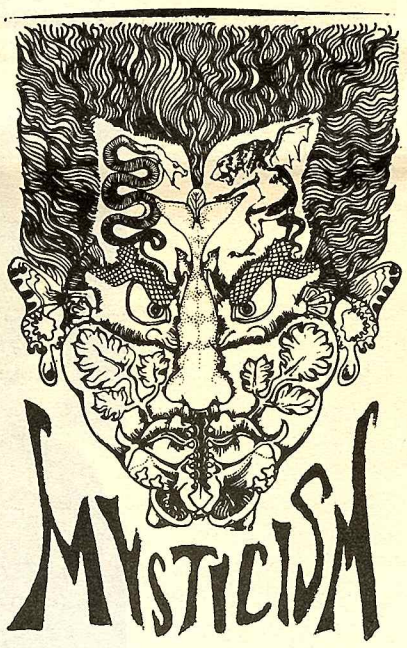
In our society, science is the old idea, not just a harmless method of human inquiry. Like other human creations, science is based on values, some of them conscious--"objectivity," "progress," "rationality," and "pure description"--and some of them subliminal--sexual maladjustments, need to control, to overpower, to assert the self, to overcome inferiority.

The chant persists, grows louder, more insistent. The further you get from science, the further you get from truth. We in the humanities know that science yields nothing but a welter of abstractions, provides only the frame to hang the facts on. But among scientists, not the hoboes and crackpots whose insights change the world, but among academics, science is fervently believed in. It answers all questions, encompasses all answers. Squeezed onto a two-dimensional squared plane the scientific mind has become the victim of the frame. Our whole society is victim of a frame.

I talked to a colleague of mine, professor of history, close to forty, an experienced hand in Western Civ. He didn't know he was being interviewed.

I asked him why he favored Johnson's Viet Nam policy. We are in Asia, he intoned, to protect our society, our democratic society, from the threat of Communist expansion in Asia. Not now, perhaps, is the threat explicit but it will be in the next several decades. He trotted out the analogy of Hitler, of isolationism in the thirties, of myopia among intellectuals in that period, of Japanese expansion before the second World War. All of this he measured out in quasi-melodic rhythms, the rhythms of a mind mired in simple equations. The historical trend, he went on, has been, in this century, a steady movement towards repression, war and centralization. The Historical Trend.





As though a trend were the manifestation of divine will, man the helpless agent of divine retaliation.

Not once did he speak of suffering, brutalization, indiscriminate killing. He knew nothing of instinct versus civilization. Man, he said, has never existed in peaceful coexistence. Therefore, good scientific deductionist that he is, he concluded man never could. Nor would. A significant difference. The frame had given him crystal ball insight into the nature of all men at all times.

To my objections he answered that I knew nothing of History. *You* can speak very dispassionately and calculate the effects of nuclear war, he added mildly. Like Hermann Kahn. Some even say we should get it over with. I don't agree, he said.

He is quite wrong not to agree. By the logic of his assumptions, our policy now will make the Hitler analogy valid later. His colleagues advocating pre-emptive nuclear war are better scientists than he, better logicians. American attitudes toward Asia, especially toward China, will force this great mass of people further and further into isolation, deeper and deeper into commitment to inevitable conflict with the "West." So he is really a lousy scientist not to see this, not to argue for pre-emptive nuclear war.

This logic we must break apart--the logic of events. Of analogies. The logic that prescribes that what has happened is the inevitable model for what will happen. Our own solutions must be based on something more divine than Historical Necessity. This mystical identification with the agents of our past destruction, has, I suspect, something to do with our obsession with science. Out of the bobos' hands, into the hands of academic hacks, science becomes the most passive of human disciplines. It excuses apathy, disinterest, passive non-resistance.

There is no non-economic profit from reasoning with an induction machine. It inducts, and inducts only what it wants to, and inevitably comes up with the pre-programmed answer. Our whole society must be re-programmed, sublimated downward.

Our answer to the scientific frame must be irrational, must be based on that irreducible irrationality--life itself. Whether or not we seek her, Magna Mater, who gives and takes away life, will claim her rightful children. So our reverence must be reserved for the cycle of birth, death and rebirth--out of the earth we come, into the earth we go.

Through art, dialogue, resistance, confrontation, we must construct a secular illogic to match the Earth Mother's endless vitality and fertility, a non-linear, multidimensional organ of defense against pure reason. This earth must be made safe for its children, not the children of reason's gods. We must act as though the earth goddess had already been restored to us. -Janet Clark

FOLLOWING THE MELLOW YELLOW BRICK ROAD

Close your eyes, child, and let the winds enfold you. Let them lash and swell around your alien form; beg to be taken in on their conspiracy of motion. For then you see all that I have told you--the sapphire city of youth, which will not abandon you at fifteen; the seashore twilight of first love that never spark-sputters-stops; and the ferriswheel enthusiasm for life and being alive that accelerates always.

By joining the swoop-winds, flying from the mud-encrusted soul-starving excuse for reality, you see the city of living wine-hued castles in which people hold hands and gaze into eyes the color of love. This, our star-city, has no tin man, nor a lion of ignobility; this is where the gypsies come, this is where they dance, telling no fortunes.

Past the city is the sea, where a certain few, even from the castles, can wander to have their love near the sea-shore twilight in the shade of the ferriswheel, where shells holding faceted rubies under warm tongues offer their treasures to those knowing enough to hold them to their hearts to hear what their ears cannot hear.

Close your eyes, child, and let the winds enfold you. Out beyond the sea is the towering land of the ferriswheel. Take time and tie your pretty hair: for here the gypsy drivers stand smiling at your look of joy. You don't see the others on the swirling mandala of wonder, of life, and no longer needing the rubies, you can hear the squeals of joy, in harmony with the crazy sigh of existence.

Here you realize the beauty of man, and hear the throbbing of man. You see yourself, beautiful, though unadorned, like a mere child, and with a wave of your gypsy bandana you can beckon your brothers and sisters, to join you to bask together in the beauty of the wind, never to be an alien form again. Close your eyes, let the winds kiss you. -June Abdelmaseh

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A GRACEFUL PATSY against a dirty fighter

I.F. STONE

We have ourselves a candidate against Lyndon Johnson in the Democratic primaries but unless he picks up steam he's not going to set any voters on fire. Senator Eugene McCarthy was supposed to be the main attraction at the Conference of Concerned Democrats in Chicago last week-end. But his speech--like the one he delivered a few weeks earlier before SANE's national meeting in Chicago for labor leaders against the war in Vietnam--fell flat.

He has wit, charm and grace. But he seems to lack heart and guts. This may seem a strange thing to say of the only Democrat willing to step out and challenge Johnson for the nomination. Unfortunately it seems to be true. Watching him at the press conference here at which he launched his candidacy, one began to wonder why he was running at all. A certain cynicism and defeatism seems basic to the man. This is no way to embark on a fight. His hero, Adlai, was a Hamlet. McCarthy gives one the uneasy feeling that he doesn't really give a damn.

A HALF-HEARTED BATTLE WON'T DO

The dreadful thing about presidential campaigns is that they make liars of us all. We join up, and stop saying what we think, for the good of the cause. I suppose I'll be swept up in this same kind of nonsense myself. But at least at the beginning a few honest words may be useful. We have to support McCarthy. A poor showing in the primaries for McCarthy will be a poor showing for peace. But he's also got to support us. And himself. It's no easy matter for a politician to challenge the head of his party. It may be political suicide. To embark on so risky an undertaking half-heartedly is the worst possible policy. The only safety lies in shooting the works.

There's no other way to a long-shot victory and anyway that's the way to enjoy a wonderful, even if losing, battle in a good cause. If McCarthy couldn't evoke enthusiasm from dissident laborites and dissident Democrats just dying for a new hero to cheer--how's he going to do out in the sticks? Where the audiences are cold? Or half hawk? Or just curious?

One purpose of the intra party fight against Johnson, as McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy have been saying, is to restore the faith of youth in normal politics and--as they might put it privately--"get them off the streets." McCarthy's going to have to do a lot better than he has so far if he's going to make much of a dent among the disaffected youth and Negroes--though at least he, unlike Bobby, is willing to lay his political future on the line to fight the war.

What has to be improved first of all is how McCarthy says it. He just doesn't transmit any sense of passion. Secondly, what he does say isn't good enough. The Chicago speech was full of insincere hokum. A sample: John Kennedy set free the spirit of America. The honest optimism was released. McCarthy doesn't believe it so why say it? And poor Adlai reduced to the role of Kennedy's UN errand boy would have been surprised to learn that his ideas were revived by Kennedy. Where? At the Bay of Pigs? We would also be glad to spare some of McCarthy's fancy quotes at Chicago from Peguy on Dreyfus and Toynbee on the Punic wars for a little more clarity on Vietnam. It's Ho, not Hannibal, who concerns us now.

McCarthy is remarkably unclear about Vietnam. The Chicago speech showed lazy staff work when he invoked the names of Eisenhower and Bradley among those who had warned us against a land war in Asia--although these two dippy old duffers only a few days before were calling for an invasion of North Vietnam! Most revealing of all were his answers at the Washington press conference. Little attention was paid these by the press 1) because the chief interest seemed to be in politics and personality and 2) most of the Washington press corps is for--or indifferent to--the war.

The clearest and simplest appeal McCarthy can make is to say that Johnson broke his 1964 pledges and has adopted more and more of Goldwater's policies. That is true. Everybody can understand it. It's effective. Indeed there's little else he needs to say. But, as the reader will see, McCarthy said "I'm not going to talk about that in the campaign." That one remark really tells the whole story. Is he going to run a cream-puff campaign against as tough and as dirty a fighter as Lyndon B.?

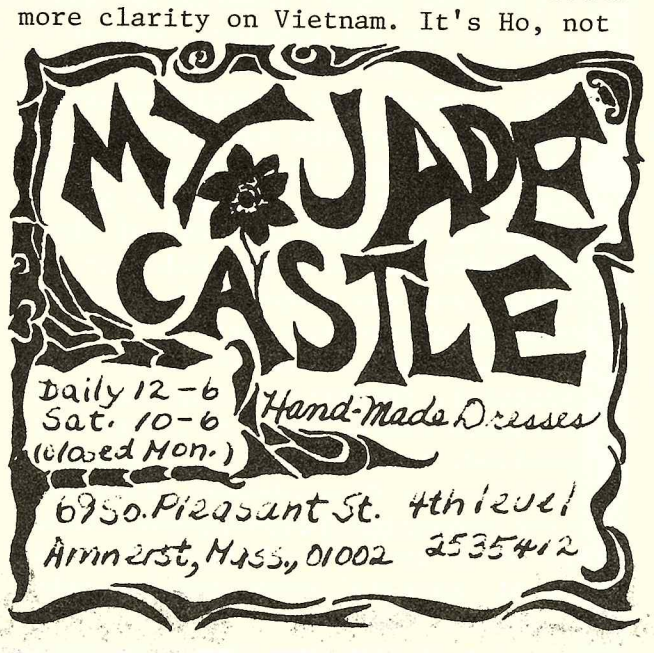
ALL FUZZ ON BOMBING

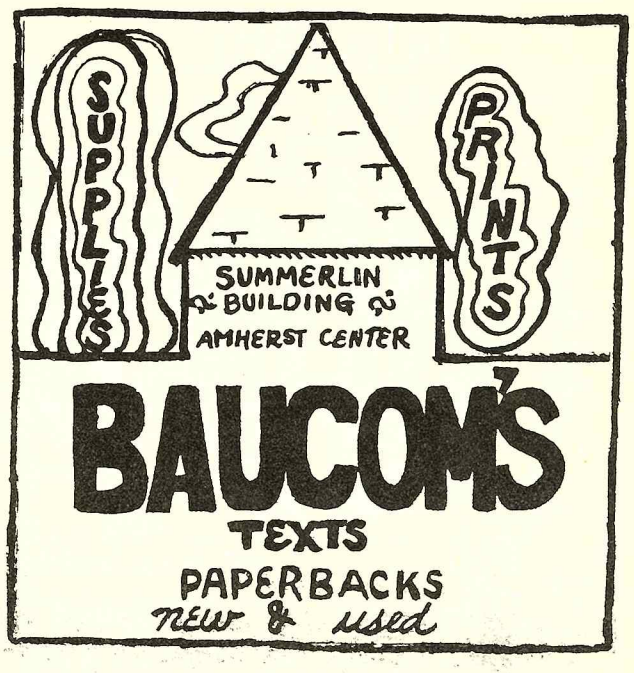
McCarthy will stir no enthusiasm if he goes around being a graceful patsy. One of the main functions of the campaign is to educate the electorate and to prepare the way for wiser policies. One main line is evident and needs to be hammered on over and over again. The choice is not between isolationism and internationalism. It's between wasting our blood and wealth in the attempt to enforce a Pax Americana or becoming a loyal member of the United Nations. Somebody has to say out loud that we can't take over the white man's burden in the new Kennedy-era guise of Green Berets and counter insurgency. Over and over again somebody must say clearly as the way to peace "stop the bombing" and "negotiate a coalition government" in South Vietnam.

It is Johnson strategy to ignore the fact that U Thant and others have said over and over again that talks will follow if the bombing ends. McCarthy's reply on bombing was all fuzz. It is also Administration strategy to distract attention from the fact that the new NLF program offers viable compromise solution. I suspect McCarthy's never seen it. He needs to do some hard thinking and fresh study if he's to be effective. His most alarming reply was on containment of China. There he said we didn't need Vietnam because we now have a new base in Thailand! That is,a second Vietnam, simmering on the burner?

We enlist in McCarthy's army but we intend to keep stirring up mutiny until the General stops yawning.

Liberation News Service





Something is happening

WORLD SCENE

CONAKRY, GUINEA. U.S.-made napalm and phosphorus bombs are being used by the fascist government of Portugal to put down a nationalist rebellion in Portugese Guinea, according to a Christian Science Monitor report originating here.

The report is based on "numerous eye-witness reports and photographs which appear to be genuine," and was written by Russell Warren Howe for publication in the U.S.(LNS)

GUATEMALE CITY Jan. 5. In Guatemala City, all motorists are required to drive at night with their interior lights on. This is done, by law, so that the recently doubled 3,000 man, rifle-toting police force can see who is inside. Better targets for them and the special commando units of the Guatemalan Army camouflaged in their civilian clothes.

To show how serious U.S. government involvement in the Guatemalan civil war is, American officials are trying to suppress the facts on the daily battles occurring there and the deployment of one of the largest Green Beret teams in South America. Further underlining the importance the Pentagon puts on Guatemala is the fact that the U.S. has sent three new Huey helicopters to aid in combatting the guerrillas there. Hueys, a basic ingredient of the Vietnam and counterinsurgency war tactics, are in short supply in southeast Asia, but their need in Guatemala was judged by Washington to be more urgent. (LNS)

VIETNAM

LANCASTER, PA., January 5 The Air Force has just submitted an order with private industry for 48,000,000 fragmentation bombs with delivery beginning in April 1968. These bombs are also called cluster or anti-personnel bombs.

The fragmentation bomb is a round ball, barely two and one half inches in diameter. It contains 308 steel balls imbedded in an aluminum alloy shell packed with high explosives. They are packed by the hundreds in large cannister "mothers."

These "mothers" are dropped from planes and set to open at a predetermined height. The fragmentation bombs explode on contact with a tree or the ground or a building. Four "mothers" can spew more than a million steel balls in an area over one mile by 250 yards. (LNS)

IN THE ARMY

TOKYO, January 12 A 20-year-old Marine turned himself in to Naval authorities after leaving his unit and considering defection for three months.

The Marine, Peter Vail Wiggins of Larchmont, N.Y., has condemned the war in Vietnam. He told a reporter from the Washington Post that the government in Saigon would collapse if it weren't for U.S. military power. He also said the U.S. has no right to talk about "democracy" while it was bombing farmers' rice paddies.

Wiggins may face a court martial and stiff disciplinary action, if he is judged to have been absent without authorized leave (AWOL). (LNS)

BILL OF RIGHTS

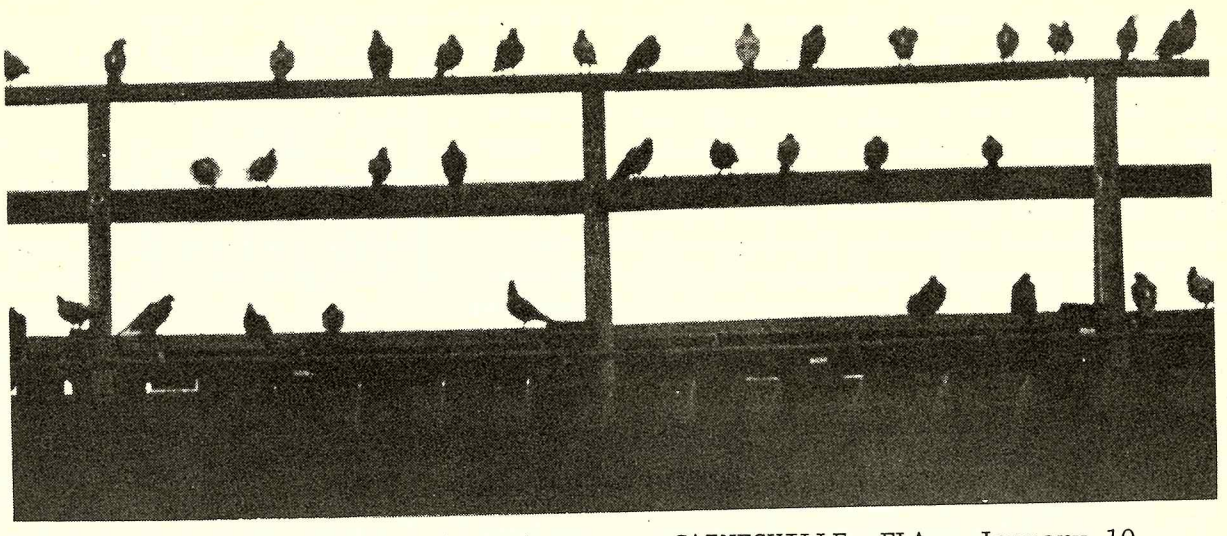
DENVER, COLORADO, December 20 City Attorney Max Zall has thwarted another attempt by local detectives to curtail underground activities here. Zall ruled today that a 1925 city ordinance requiring newspaper vendors to be licensed by the Manageroof Safety's office was "neither proper nor legal" and "possibly interferes with freedom of the press."

The same day Zall ruled the 1925 law unconstitutional, Det. Gray used it again to arrest Bruce Love, a vendor for the Solid Muldoon. Love reported that the detective bought four papers before arresting him, though.(LNS)

BERKELEY, January 5 The Bond, an underground newpaper directed at G.I.'s, reports that servicemen have been warned against talking out against the war in Vietnam.

According to the Bond, the Plan of the Day of a ship in Vietnam included the following caveat: "Criticism of our government, of military leaders or command, particularly when based on partial facts or half-truths, may be considered disloyal or interpreted wrong and place an individual in a position of possible violation of U.C.M.J. article 134, i.e., 'disloyal statements undermining discipline and loyalty,' for which the maximum punishment is a dishonorable discharge and three years confinement at hard labor." (LNS)

NEW YORK, January 5 The Heights, a weekly newspaper of political and social commentary published last semester at Columbia



University, has been forced to disband.

The paper's demise came after the chaplain's office, which was supporting the paper financially, decided to end its subsidy. One of the editors of Heights, Larry Susskind, charged that "subtle pressure" from the university administration had been brought to bear against the chaplain's office. The paper had presented articles critical of the university and of U.S. policy in Vietnam and was graphically influenced by psychedelic art.

In a letter to the Columbia Daily Spectator, University Chaplain John D. Cannon denied that outsiders were involved, but admitted "there was considerable disagreement about the direction which Heights should take and about the advisability of printing all material submitted for publication." (LNS)

RESISTANCE

ITHACA, NEW YORK, January 5 The attack by militant students against university complicity in the defense establishment is beginning to yield fruit.

A committee appointed by the Cornell University Board of Trustees has recommended that the university sever its ties to the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory in Buffalo, N.Y. The lab carries on about $30 million "applied research" annually, most of it under Defense Dept. contract.

NEW YORK, January 3 An international student strike for peace this spring will be the main topic of consideration at a conference of the Student Mobilization Committee announced for January 27-29 in Chicago.

Proposals for the strike have included the possibility of a joint show of support by students in South Vietnam and the U.S.(LNS)

AMERICA THE BRAVE

MIAMI, FLA., January 5 "We don't mind being accused of police brutality," Miami Police Chief Walter Headley said as he announced he was declaring war on black "criminals."

Chief Headley said he was abandoning his community relations program and laying plans to meet any civil uprising with shooting, according to an Associated Press report published in the Christian Science Monitor in Dec. 28.

He said that he was out to get those "who have taken advantage of the civil rights campaign," and indicated his action was in response to three murders and a wave of hold-up shootings.(LNS)

GAINESVILLE, FLA., January 10 Two Gainesville black radicals have been jailed without bond for contempt of a grand jury that was supposed to be investigating their own, highly publicized, charges of local police harassment and brutality.

The grand jury had been impaneled to look into allegations made by Dawkins and Thomas in Black Voices that police were molesting, propositioning, and abusing black women prisoners at the City Jail, and that police had threatened Dawkins' life, and persistently harassed everyone who worked with the two organizers.

ACLU attorneys for the defense argued that the U.S. Supreme Court has already ruled in previous cases, including one in Florida, that the expression of a derogatory opinion about a court or grand jury does not by itself constitute contempt.(LNS)

VALLEY PEACE CENTER

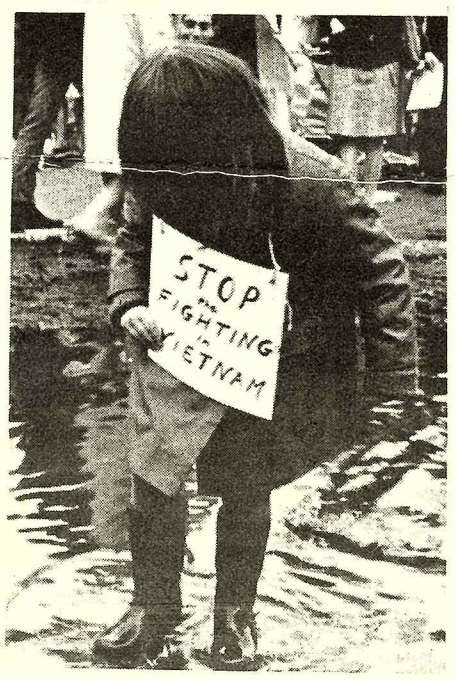
The Valley Peace Center is an organization formed to coordinate peace activities of all groups in the Amherst/Northampton area. The organization shares facilities with the Valley Center--the Five-College-connectionUniversity. The Connection between the academic group and the peace organization reflects the staff make-up, and thus some of the problems of the VPC in particular and the anti-war movement in general, which prevents the development of a working relationship with the non-academic residents of the local areas.

The division between the academic and the general communities affect many of the important activities of the VPC. Trained counselors are available to talk to draft-prone men about classification. These draft-counselors offer "draft-information." Such information is not classified specifically as counseling or resistance because of the differences of opinion a--mong the members of the Center who range attitudinally from moderately liberal Nation readers to radical activists. Although advice is offered to anyone considering the prospect of returning his draft card to his local Selective Service Board, almost 95% of those counseled are students worried about 2-S classification. Local non-students either do not question the draft or do not consider that the Valley Peace Center offers a service to them.

The great majority in this country--the bulk of the middle and lower classes-- must find itself interested in the whys behind the war and possible means of ending the conflict. The war in Vietnam is that great specific that makes it so easy to forget that the cause of peace will still be around when and if the war ends, just as the possibility for eternal peace was relevant before the United States had military advisors in South East Asia. However, just because humans wonder about the end of this war, Vietnam has become the central focus of peace activity. Unfortunately most of the action and writing and talking about ending this war and about measures to prevent others has been produced in academic communities by intellectuals. Meanwhile, it continues to be the large non-academic group that provides consensus for Johnson and Supports Our Boys in Vietnam.

They are a difficult group of people to reach. It is particularly hard to counteract the tremendous forces of mass-media that babysits for all Americans. Recently a Springfield newspaper wrote an article on the Valley Peace Center, and the reporter turned the always-open house into a head shop. He noticed the slogan buttons for sale and remarked on the many "beards and beard sympathizers." He prolonged through his description the specifics which perpetuate the general division between academics and others--a rift whose elimination poses the VPC's major problem.

To counteract the influences of the press and to reach out to the general community, the Center is planning certain general interest programs. Some members have become friendly with local students from Northampton Commercial College. And the clothing-for-Vietnam drive now being held is a type of project with wide nonpartisan appeal. The Center is also planning a day-long workshop in Holyoke. Recently they sponsored a draft-work shop in the Amherst Congregational Church; the majority present were not students.



The invitation list that the Center supplied for a private screening of the movie, The War Games, at the Twin Cinemas included clergy as well as members of local Chambers of Commerce.

Although the charter of the VPC maintains that the Center cannot support any specific political candidate, it is clear that some would receive the aid of members. Door-knocking and intensive leafleting for such candidates as Eugene McCarthy might bring the organization closer to the community.

As a new organization trying to coordinate activities of local peace groups the Valley Peace Center has begun to provide useful facilities and services. The House at 203 North Pleasant Street, Amherst, can be used for meetings by anyone, and has office facilities and a mimeographing machine available. Their mailing list has over 1000 names.

Without actually coming out in support of the October Mobilization in Washington, the VPC provided transportation to it. They have shown several movies and sponsored lectures. They are working on other small activities, types of projects that together add up to a viable program. They are discussing certain long term questions as well as their relation to the community and the position of the Center and the general peace movement in America after the war.

With the establishment of a relationship between peace oriented people and the general community, and with some sort of realization of the position of an anti-war movement after this specific war ends, rests the answers to questions concerning which way society must turn to eliminate the causes of war. Somewhere in that muddle lies the future of the Movement and, therefore, our country.

--Jane Roland

(The Valley Peace Center, P.O. Box 418, Amherst, Mass. 01002, welcomes all questions, visits, advice, and donations. The Valley Center is always open, offering literature, friendship, and political discussions.)

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continued from page 8

teach them baseball or football. They learn by themselves. So the kids are looking for something they can use for a father image and at the same time keep the freedom that they've got. I know kids who fight for months and months with their parents only because their parents want them to get a short haircut. I know kids who have moved away from home, here and in Greenfield, just so they'd have enough freedom to have their hair the way they want it, to grow a beard if they want it. I think they should be given this right anyway.

Q- Do you think a lot of the parents are scared--so they take it out on their kids?

A- Like I said, they don't have any contact with their kids. If parents would just be more tolerant everything would be okay. The kids look at their parents and say, Where are they? They don't want to join the race. These kids are very smart. They want to get a degree so they can sit on their asses and let the money come to them. These kids in Amherst are really smart--they're going to go someplace, be something. Getting an education goes hand and hand with being hip. Most of the people who are hip are very smart. Parents around here just don't tell the truth to their kids.

Q- Are most of your friends' parents pretty well off?

A- Most of them are--they'll wear their hair long, wear granny glasses, and also wear $14 pants and $26 loafers. None of them are slobs. Actually what they're trying to do is keep their freedom and

the same time.

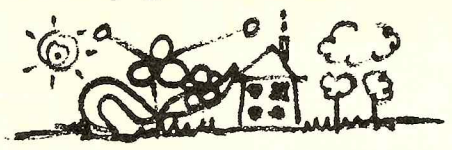
Q- Do you think most of these parents really care about their kids? Do they really love them?

A- I think most of them are more concerned about their family name, rather than the kids' welfare. When that kid in Belchertown got busted, LSD, marijuana, BAM--he's out on his own. His family disowned him, because he gave them a bad name. They're a very well off family in Amherst. He made one mistake and they kicked him out. He makes his own way now.

Q- What do you think of religion?

A- Well, I'm a realist. It's never been proven to me that God really exists. Maybe he's up there, maybe he isn't. I think he is.

Q- Do your parents concern themselves with religion? Do they go to church?



A- They go off and on--but most of the time they're too busy. My mother is active in church but my father doesn't particularly care for it.

Q- How do you look at Communism? Do you think it's bad or good? Is it a danger to the United States?

A- I sort of feel that a mixture of capitalism and socialism would be the ideal government. The idea that everyone produce out of a common effort and share what they produce is a good idea. You have free enterprise in this country and the competition is what gives you quality materials.

Q- Yet many of goods sold today are made with a controlled obsolescence, many of the goods break down.

not red and not white, they're pink. The more intellectual ones, professors' sons, tend to be pink; they don't think Communism is bad and they don't think it's good. They feel the same way about Capitalism. But this country was built on rebellion. The straight people are the Redcoats and we're the pioneers. We have to fight against all these old ladies with their Bibles telling us what do do.

Q- Do they read a lot of newpapers?

A- Yes, they read a lot. Most of the papers,though, are directed at old people.

Q- Have most of your friends read the Mother of Voices?

A- Just about everyone I know reads it. They feel it's a free paper. It holds more with their point of view than any paper around. It's a young paper. I feel it's a good paper. You people are being unduly harrassed.

Q- What about Northampton? What do the kids think of Puchalski?

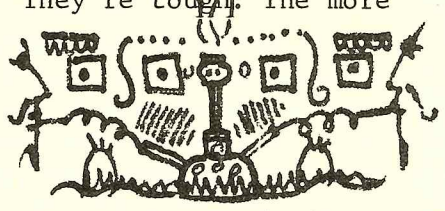
A- They don't like him. Kids have a way of influencing their parents. As you said in your paper, Puchalski said, "This is my town." People don't like that. They don't like to feel that he owns them. He's got the view of the little old lady who sits in the dark and as soon as he hears a noise he yells burglars. He's shooting in the dark-he doesn't know what's going on.

Q- Do you think your friends will stick around

A- Everyone is running away from Greenfield-there is so much harrassment of anyone with long hair, anyone who doesn't conform. In Amherst, I know twenty kids who are taking off for Cal. this summer. Kids like a warm climate, it gives them more freedom. On the west coast there are more of their own people.

Q- What about grass?

A- Well you get a lot of kids in high school who cannot get into the high school "in group". Well, grass is their ticket into another group. You smoke grass, you've got something in common with other people. If you don't turn on you can't penetrate , you can't get into it. Let's say you get four or five kids together and one drops acid. The other kids will take care of him, until he is all-right. You get a straight kid, he doesn't smoke grass, he's got an Elvis Presley vaseline and everything,say he gets drunk with ten other guys, they'll just desert him, they've got no feeling of brotherhood. Those people are mostly all for themselves and the kids see it. Most of the hip kids will congregate together. The vaseline set stays together too. These guys hang around the Amherst Tower. They're always looking for fights. They're tough. The more



peaceful set finds other places where they're left alone.

Q- Is there a feeling of friendship amongst all your friends who take drugs?

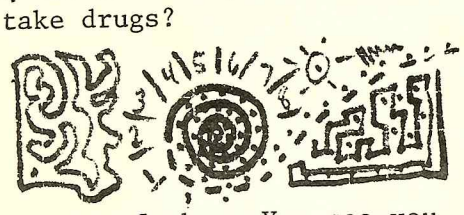
A- Right, there are no fights, it's like a sect, a brotherhood. You see a guy walking down the street with long hair, you smile at him. You say, High, man keep

your head, out of sight. The straight set would give him a dirty look. They ask him, do you want to fight. They have to try him out. I sit on the common and mind my own business. They come up and push me. I say that's all right, that's your trip, you live that way you're going to die that way. I walk off and ignore them.

Q- what do most people around here think of the University?

A- Most kids think the University is a good influence. There are a lot of hip people in town because of it. There are good clothing stores because of it. People are well-dressed because you don't see any slobs. It's important to be well dressed. If you're a slob you're alienated, you're nothing. Everybody wants to be somebody, so....

Q- Do most of your friends take drugs?



A- All of them. You see, you have something in common, something to do. The kids are starting to experiment now. Speed is popular, using drugs you usually find in slum conditions, like heroin. Marijuana is becoming old hat. They feel acid is good in moderate doses. I've known kids who will go into their medicine cabinet and play fruit salad. Grab two of each and bam-- these kids are going to kill themselves this way. They don't really understand what they're fooling with. The heroin around here, I feel, is syndicate. It comes from Boston to Northampton in a Cadillac. These kids are using heroin to come down from speed. You know, they have to go home, so they come down with junk.

Q- How old are these kids?

A- I know one kid who's using it to come down from methedrine, thirteen years old.

That's why I'd like to see your paper warning these kids about it. These kids want to be accepted by a society--they form their own societies. They like to turn each other on. They like to turn new kids on. The kids all know grass is less harmful than alcohol. They don't force anyone to smoke. But right here in Amherst, kids walk by the police station smoking. They don't care if they're busted. They can't bust everyone.

Q- How many kids do you think smoke grass at Amherst High?

A- Roughly, forty-percent. These kids feel that when they fool with their minds it's their own business. They don't like to fool with any one else's mind. They don't believe in forcing anybody to do what they don't want to do. They say, "Do your thing." Do what you want to do, if it doesn't groove you, don't do it.

Q- How do your friends feel about Negroes?

A- In Amherst High, well, you find a few ignorant people, most prejudiced people are ignorant. In this hip set, these hip kids accept a colored person just as soon as they'll accept a white person. You see colored girls going out with white guys and colored guys going out with white girls.

Q- How do these people look at sex. Do the girls sleep with a lot of guys?

A- They look at sex as another high. Basically they take it for granted. Quite a few chicks sleep with guys. I think they're pretty well informed about contraceptives. If they don't know somebody, there is always somebody they can ask. They never go to their parents.

Q- This is an important question- what do you and your friends plan to do with your lives?

A- I would like to go back to school, high school, and then eventually to college. Most of my friends are going to go to college.

Q- What kind of world would you like to live in?

A- Completely hip. I'd like to see the war and the draft stop. I'd like to see a purely volunteer army. People should do what they want to do.

In the future, Mother will be presenting many articles on the state of education in the Pioneer Valley. The appeal below was written by a student at the Northampton School for Girls, one of the numerous boarding schools in the Valley. Twenty copies of the article were typed and distributed anonymously, with promises of more to come. Reacting to reaction, the Underground Press thrives.

These are the times that try young women's souls; the conservative student and the society-warped child will in this crisis bow to the tyranny of the administration; but she who stands against it now deserves the love and thanks of both junior and senior.

What is this tyranny? -Is this not a school system with its own P.OD. class to teach us how to handle democracy and freedom of will? The fascist, hypocritical, authority-flaunting administration of this school is that of which I speak. These are harsh words; but what else can I use to describe the institution which has reduced its students to slaves, subhumans, and vegetables Yes! We have long let ourselves be led away by ancient traditions and have made great sacrifices for an education. But I ask you, fellow sufferers, do you consider our human rights a too dear price to pay for four years of miserable helpless, hopeless subjugation to arbitrary self-important power-hungry leaders?

Ah: I can hear them now - grumbling to themselves about how whoever wrote this is going to get hers. Listen, though, students! Join me! WE, yes, WE have the power to do something about the conditions in which we live. We must stop asking for what is rightfully, inherently ours! WE must start taking, and we must start taking now!

WHAT DO YOU ALL THINK? more to come m.e.

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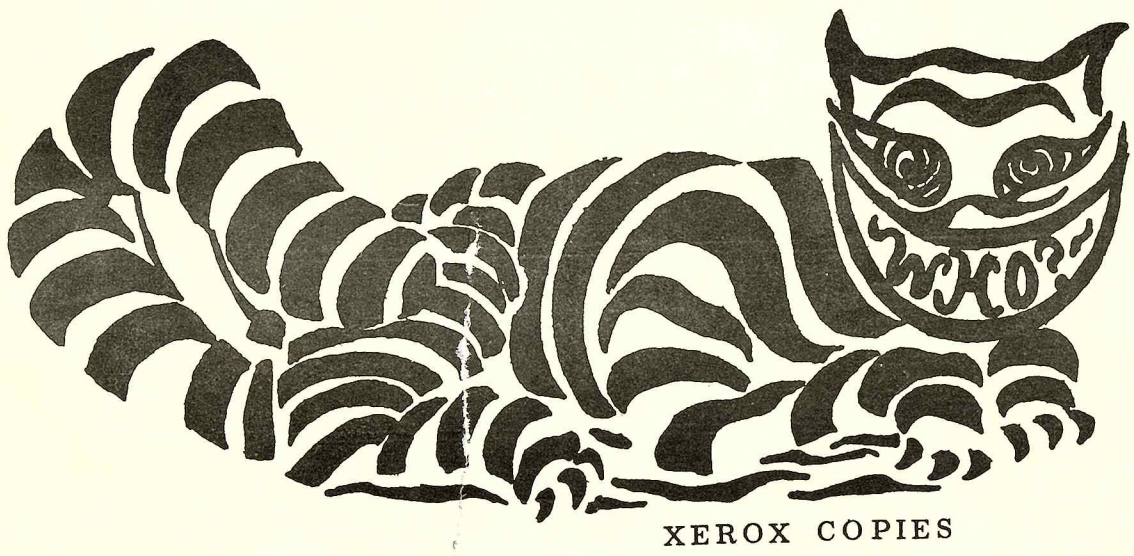

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